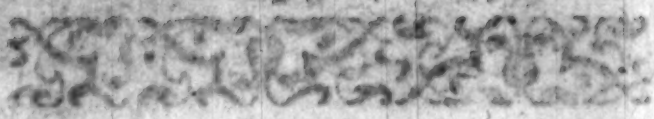
22_42a

WHen my Loue ſweares that ſhe is made of truth,
I do beleeue her (though I know ſhe lies)
That ſhe might thinke me ſome vntutor'd youth,
Vnskilful in the worlds falſe forgeries.
Thus vainly thinking that ſhe thinkes me young,
Although I know my yeares be paſt the beſt:
I ſmiling, credite her falſe ſpeaking toung,
Outfacing faults in loue, with loues ill reſt.
But wherefore ſayes my loue that ſhe is young?
And wherefore ſay not I, that I am old:
O, Loues beſt habit's in a ſoothing toung,
And Age in loue, loues not to haue yeares told.
Therefore I'le lye with Loue, and loue with me,
Since that our faultes in loue thus ſmother'd be.

WHerein I have (when the time served of me)
I do declare her (though I know she lies)
That she was a dame, more than Venus, I do say,
Vnskilful in love, with fair speeches,
Thus vainly thinking that she might me venge,
Although I know my water from the land:
I telling, credit her talk to be true,
Quite forsaking Dorilus love, with disdain that
But wherefore do we mislove that is young?
And wherefore do we port, that long old:
O, loves best habit is a dotting young,
And Age in love, loves not to have years told.
Therefore I'll to Dorilus love, and leave with
Since that our loves shall be last together.

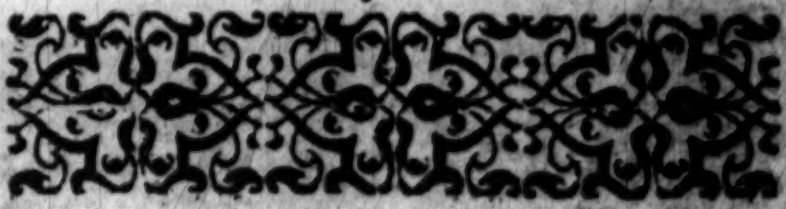
TWo loues I haue, of Comfort and Despaire,
That like two Spirits, do suggest me still:
My better Angell, is a Man (right faire)
My worser spirite a Woman (colour'd ill.)
To win me soone to hell, my Female euill
Tempteth my better Angell from my side:
And would corrupt my Saint to be a Diuell,
Wooing his puritie with her faire pride.
And whether that my Angell be turnde feend,
Suspect I may (yet not directly tell:)
For being both to me; both, to each friend,
I ghesse one Angell in anothers hell:
The truth I shall not know, but liue in dout,
Till my bad Angell fire my good one out.

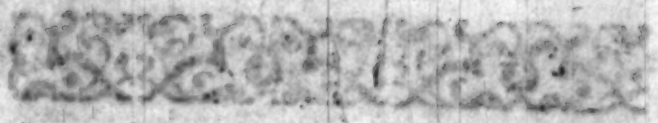


T Wo loiterd hence, of Comfort and Delaiſe,
That like two Spirits, do ſuggeſt me ſtill:
My better Angell, is a Man (right faire)
My worſer ſpirit a Woman (coloured ill).
To win me ſoone to hell, my female evill
Tempteth my better Angell from my ſide:
And would corrupt my Saint to be a Diuell,
Wooing his purities with her foule pride.
And whether that my Angell be turnde fiend,
Suſpect I may (yet not directly tell:)
For being both to me; both to each friend,
I ghelſe one Angell in another hell:
The truth I ſhall not know, but live in doubt,
Till my bad Angell fire my good one out.

22-42a

DYd not the heauenly Rhetoricke of thine eie,
Gainst whom the world could not hold argument
Perswade my hart to this false periury;
Vowes for thee broke deserue not punishment.
A woman I forswore; but I will proue
Thou being a goddesse, I forswore not thee:
My vow was earthly, thou a heauenly loue,
Thy grace being gainde, cures al disgrace in me.
My vow was breath, and breath a vapor is,
Then thou faire Sun, that on this earth doth shine,
Exhalt this vapor vow, in thee it is:
If broken, then it is no fault of mine.
If by me broke, what foole is not so wise
To breake an oth, to win a paradise?





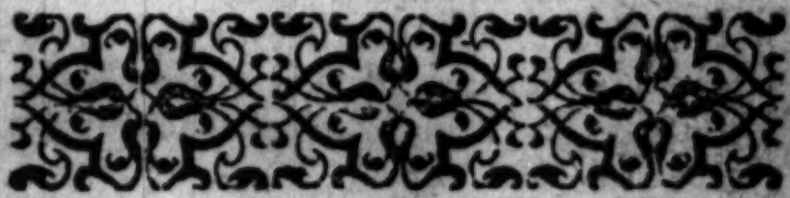
D Yd not the heauenly Lectorick of thine eie,
(Sweet whom the world could not hold argument)
Perswade thy hart to this fatale perury?
Vowes to thee broke deserue not punishment.
A woman I forswore; but I will prouie
Thou being a goddesse, I forswore not thee:
My vow was earthly, thou a heauenly loue,
Thy grace being gained cures all disgrace in me.
My vow was breath, and breath a vapor is,
Then thou fair Sun, that on this earth doth shine,
Exhale this vapor vow, in thee it is:
If broken, then is no fault of mine.
Why the doule, why shor foole is not so wise
To breake an oath, to win a paradise?

SWeet Cytherea, ſitting by a Brooke,
With young Adonis, louely, freſh, and greene,
Did court the Lad with many a louely looke,
Such lookes as none could looke but beauties queen.
She told him ſtories, to delight his eares;
She ſhew'd him fauors, to allure his eie,
To win his heart, ſhe toucht him here and there,
Touches ſo ſoft, ſtill conquer chaſtitie.
But whether vnripe yeares did want conceit,
Or he refuſde to take his figured proffer;
The tender nibler would not touch the bait,
But ſmile, and ieaſt, at euery gentle offer:
Then fel ſhe on her back, faire queen, and toward
He roſe and ran away, ah foole too froward.

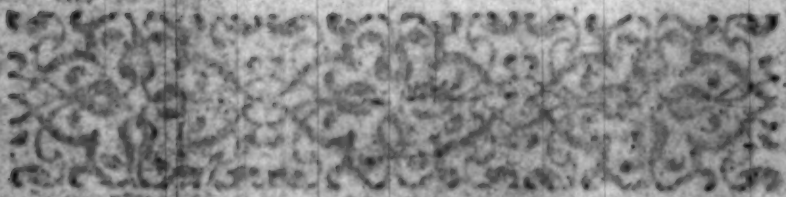
SWeet Cytherea, sitting by a Brooke,
With young Adonis, lovely, fresh, and greene,
Did court the Lad with many a lovely looke,
Such looks as none could looke but beauties queene,
She told him stories, to delight his eares;
She shew'd him faucors, to allure his eie,
To win his heart, she touch'd him here, and there,
Touches he loth, full conquer chastitie.
But whether vnripe years did want conceit,
Or he refused to take her figured proffer;
The tender nibler would not touch the bait,
But smile, and leaue, as every gentle offer:
Then fell she on her back, fare queene, and toward
Heroe sad ran away, she sooke too toward.

22342a

IF loue make me forſworne, how ſhal I ſwere to loue?
O, neuer faith could hold, if not to beauty vowed:
Though to my ſelfe forſworne, to thee Ile conſtāt proue,
thoſe thoghts to me like Okes, to thee like Oſiers bowed.
Studdy his byas leaues, & makes his booke thine eies,
Where al thoſe pleaſures liue, that Art can cōprehend:
If knowledge be the marke, to know thee ſhal ſuffice:
Wel learned is that toung that wel can thee commend.
All ignorant that ſoule, that ſees thee without wonder,
Which is to me ſome praiſe, that I thy parts admyre:
Thin eye Ioues lightning ſeems, thy voice his dredſul thū-
Which (not to anger bent) is muſick & ſweet fire. (der,
Celeſtial as thou art, O, do not loue that wrong:
To ſing heauens praiſe, with ſuch an earthly toung.



IF loue make me to loue me, loue that I loue to loue?
O, heauenly muse could hold, hoor to beauty vowed:
Thoughts my selfe forlyme, reuiles the conflict prouoke,
Vnto thoughts to me like Olympus to thee the Olympus bowed.
Smiling the Gyre leaues, & makes his bookes thine eies,
Where all those pleasures liue, that Art can coyne and
I know ye be the books, to know the liuing liues
Well learned is that tongue that well can thee commend,
All good minds that doule, that loes thee with honour worship,
Which is to me some praise, that I thy parts admire:
Thine eye loue's lightning seems, thy voice his dredful thunder,
Which (not to anger bent) is music and sweet fire. (dear,
Celestial as thou art, O, do not loue that wrong:
To sing heauen's praise, with such an earthly tongue.

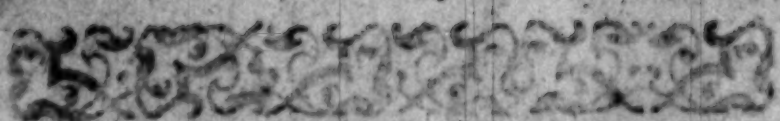


22342a

FAire is my loue, but not ſo faire as fickle.
Milde as a Doue, but neither true nor truſtie,
Brighter then glaſſe, and yet as glaſſe is brittle,
Softer then waxe, and yet as Iron rusty:
A lilly pale, with damaske die to grace her,
None fairer, nor none falſer to deface her.

Her lips to mine how often hath ſhe loyned,
Betweene each kiſſe her othes of true loue ſwearing:
How many tales to pleaſe me hath ſhe coyned,
Dreading my loue, the loſſe whereof ſtill fearing.
Yet in the mids of all her pure proteſtings,
Her faith, her othes, her teares, and all were ieaſtings.

She burnt with loue, as ſtraw with fire flameth,
She burnt out loue, as ſoone as ſtraw out burneth:
She fram d the loue, and yet ſhe foyl d the framing,
She bad loue laſt, and yet ſhe fell a turning.
Was this a louer, or a Letcher whether?
Bad in the beſt, though excellent in neither.



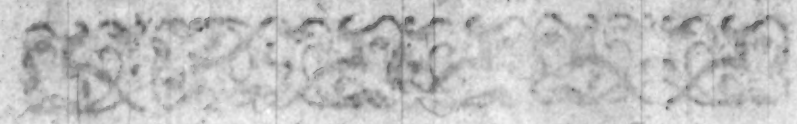
Fair as any Jewe, but not so faire as fickle,
Milde as a Doue, but neither true nor trustie,
Higher than Lauell, and yet as glasse is brittle,
Sorter than wax, and yet as Iron rustie:
A lilly pale, with damasde die to grace her,
None fairer, nor none faller to deface her.

Her lips to mine how often hath she joyned,
Betwene each kisse her oths of true loue swearing,
How many tides to plighte we hath the coyned,
Breaking my loue, the holie vbraid full fearing,
Yet in the end of all her pure protestings,
Heauen, her oths, her teares, and all were testings.

She burnt with loue, as straw with fire flameth,
She burnt out loue, as soone as straw out burneth:
She fram'd the loue, and yet she foil'd the framing,
She bin'd loue vnto, and yet she foil'd binding,
Was this loue, or what loue was vnstedie?
Bad in the best, though best of worst worst badde.

22342a

IF Musicke and sweet Poetrie agree,
As they must needs (the Sister and the brother)
Then must the loue be great twixt thee and me,
Because thou lou'st the one, and I the other.
Dowland to thee is deere, whose heauenly tuch
Vpon the Lute, dooth rauish humane sense:
Spenser to me, whose deepe Conceit is such,
As passing all conceit, needs no defence.
Thou lou'st to heare the sweet melodious sound,
That Phœbus Lute (the Queene of Musicke) makes:
And I in deepe Delight am chiefly drownd,
When as himselfe to singing he betakes.
One God is God of both (as Poets faine)
One Knight loues Both, and both in thee remaine.



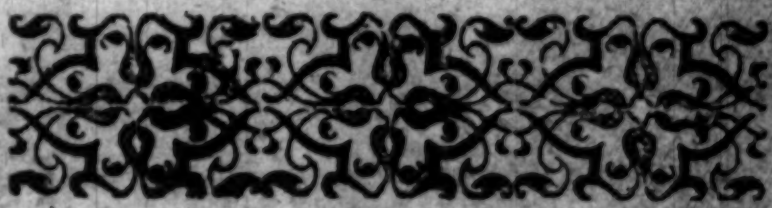
FAire was the morne, when the faire Queene of loue,
Paler for sorrow then her milke white Doue,
For Adons sake, a youngster proud and wilde,
Her stand she takes vpon a steepe vp hill.
Anon Adonis comes with horne and hounds,
She silly Queene, with more then loues good will,
Forbad the boy he should not passe those grounds,
Once (quoth she) did I see a faire sweet youth
Here in these brakes, deepe wounded with a Boare,
Deepe in the thigh a spectacle of ruth,
See in my thigh (quoth she) here was the sore,
She shewed hers, he saw more wounds then one,
And blushing fled, and left her all alone.

FAire was the morne, when the faire Queene of loue,
Pale for sorrow then her milke white loues,
For Adons sake, a youngster proud and wilde,
Her stand she takes vpon a steepe vp hill.
Anon Adonis comes with horne and hounds,
She silly Queene, with more then loues good will,
Forbad the boy he should not pasle those grounds,
Once (quoth she) did I see a fairer sweet youth
Here in these brakes, deepe wounded with a Boare,
Deepe in the thigh a spectacle of ruth,
See in my thigh (quoth she) here was the sore,
She shewed hers, he saw more wounds then one,
And blushing fled, and left her all alone.

22342a

SWeet Rose, faire flower, vntimely pluckt, soon vaded,
Pluckt in the bud, and vaded in the spring.
Bright orient pearle, alacke too timely shaded,
Faire creature kilde too soon by Deaths sharpe sting:
Like a greene plumbe that hangs vpon a tree:
And fals (through winde) before the fall should be.

I weepe for thee, and yet no cause I haue,
For why: thou lefts me nothing in thy will.
And yet thou lefts me more then I did craue,
For why: I craued nothing of thee still:
O yes (deare friend I pardon craue of thee,
Thy discontent thou didst bequeath to me.



Were Rose like Lover, wanderly links locomotive
Spiels in the bud, and wedge in unequing
Bright colour pencils, made so fine, fanned,
Have been unmentionable stolen by Dew in thy shining:
Like a mere epitaph that hung upon tree
And fall through windy breath the fall should be.

I weep for thee, and yet no cause I have.
For why? thou leaves me nothing in thy will.
And yet shou leaves me more than I did crave,
For why? I craved nothing of thee still:
O yes (dear friend) I pardon crave of thee,
Thy discontent thou didst bequeath to me.

223428

VEnus with Adonis ſitting by her,
Vnder a Mirtle ſhade began to wooe him,
She told the youngling how god Mars did trie her,
And as he fell to her, ſhe fell to him.
Euen thus (quoth ſhe) the warlike god embrac't me:
And then ſhe clipt Adonis in her armes:
Euen thus (quoth ſhe) the warlike god vnlac't me,
As if the boy ſhould vſe like louing charmes:
Euen thus (quoth ſhe) he ſeized on my lippes,
And with her lips on his did act the ſeizure:
And as ſhe fetched breath, away he skips,
And would not take her meaning nor her pleaſure,
Ah, that I had my Lady at this bay:
To kiſſe and clip me till I run away.

VEnus with Adonis sitting by her,
Vnder a Myrtle shade began to woo him,
She told the youngling how god Mars did vse her,
And as he fell to her, shee fell to him,
Even thus (quoth she) the warlike god embrac'd me:
And then she clipt Adonis in her armes:
Even thus (quoth she) the warlike god vnlac'd me,
As if the boy should vse like loving charmes:
Even thus (quoth she) he seized on my lippes,
And with her lips on his did act the seizure:
And as she fetched breath, away he skipps,
And would not take her meaning nor her pleasure.
Ah, that I had my Lady at this bay:
To kisse and clip me till I run away.

22342a

Crabbed age and youth cannot liue together,
Youth is full of pleasance, Age is full of care,
Youth like summer morne, Age like winter weather,
Youth like summer braue, Age like winter bare.
Youth is full of sport, Ages breath is short,
Youth is nimble, Age is lame
Youth is hot and bold, Age is weake and cold,
Youth is wild, and Age is tame.
Age I doe abhor thee, Youth I doe adore thee,
O my loue my loue is young:
Age I doe defie thee. Oh sweet Shepheard hie thee:
For me thinks thou staies too long.

22342a

BEauty is but a vaine and doubtfull good,
A ſhining gloſſe, that vadeth ſodainly,
A flower that dies, when firſt it gins to bud,
A brittle glaſſe, that s broken preſently.
A doubtfull good, a gloſſe, a glaſſe, a flower,
Loſt, vaded, broken, dead within an houre.

And as goods loſt, are ſeld or neuer found,
As vaded gloſſe no rubbing will refreſh:
As flowers dead, lie withered on the ground,
As broken glaſſe no ſymant can redreſſe.
So beauty blemiſht once, for euer loſt,
In ſpite of phiſicke, painting, paine and coſt.

BEauty is but a vaine and doubtfull good,
A fleeting goodes, that vadeth suddenly,
A flower that dies, when first it gins to bud,
A brittle glasse, that's broken presently.
A flower fall good, a glasse, a glasse, a flower,
Lost, vaded, broken, dead within an hour.

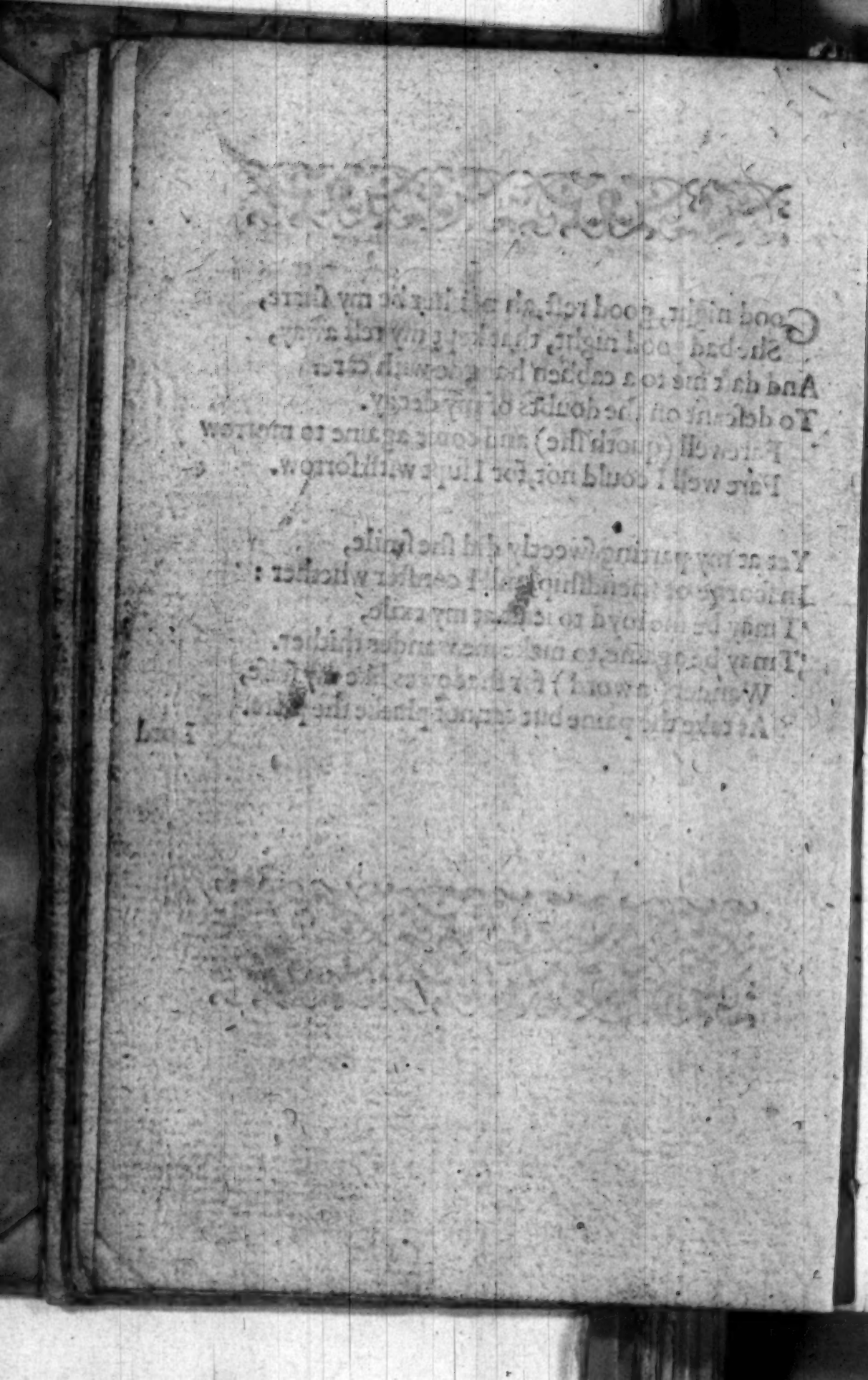
And as goods, lost, are seldom or never found,
As vaded glasses no rubbing will refresh:
As flowers dead, lies withered on the ground,
As broken glasse no Art can mend the same.
So beauty slumbrit once, forever lost,
Is more worth, by humane pains and cost.

22342a

Good night, good reſt, ah neither be my ſhare,
She bad good night, that kept my reſt away,
And daſt me to a cabben hangde with care:
To deſcant on the doubts of my decay.
Farewell (quoth ſhe) and come againe to morrow
Fare well I could not, for I ſupt with ſorrow.

Yet at my parting ſweetly did ſhe ſmile,
In ſcorne or friendſhip, nill I conſter whether:
'T may be ſhe ioyd to ieaſt at my exile,
'T may be againe, to make me wander thither.
Wander (a word) for ſhadowes like my ſelfe,
As take the paine but cannot plucke the pelfe.

Lord



22342a

ON a day (alack the day,)
Loue whose month was ener May:
Spied a blossome passing faire,
Playing in the wanton ayre,
Through the veluet leaues the winde
All vnseen gan passage find,
That the louer (sicke to death,)
Wisht himselfe the heauens breath,
Ayre (quoth he) thy cheeks may blowe,
Ayre, would I might triumph so
But (alas) my hand hath sworne,
Nere to pruck thee from thy throne,
Vow (allcke) for youth vnmeet,
Youth, so apt to pluck a sweet,
Thou for whom Ioue would sweare,
Iuno but an Ethiope were
And deny himselfe for Ioue,
Turning mortal for thy Loue.

22342a

My flocks feede not, my Ewes breed not,
My Rams speed not, all is amis:
Loue is dieng, Faithes defieng,
harts denieng, causer of this.
All my mery Iigges are quite forgot,
All my Ladyes loue is lost (god wot)
Where her faith was firmely fixt in loue:
There a nay is plac't without remoue,
One filly crosse, wrought all my losse,
Oh frowning fortune cursed fickle dame,
For now I see, inconstancy,
More in women then in men remaine.

In blacke morne I, all feares ſcorne I,
Loue hath forlorne me, liuing in thrall:
Hart is bleeding, all helpe needing,
O cruell ſpeeding, fraughted with gall.
My ſhepherds pipe can ſound no deale,
My wethers bell rings doleſull kuell,
My curtaile dogge that wont to haue plaide,
Plaies not at all but ſeemes afraid,
With ſighs ſo deepe, procures to weepe
In houling wiſe, to ſee my doleſull plight,
How ſighes reſound through hartles ground
Like a thouſand vanpuiſht men in blodie fight.

22342a

Cleare wels ſpring not, ſweet birdes ſing not,
Greene plants bring not forth their dye,.
Heards ſtands weeping, flocks all ſleeping,
Nimphes blacke peeping fearfully:
All our pleaſure knowne to vs poore ſwaines:
All our merrie meetings on the plaines,
All our euening ſport from vs is fled,
All our loue is loſt, for loue is dead,
Farewell ſweete loue thy like nere was,
For a ſweet content the cauſe of all my woe,
Poore Coridon muſt liue alone,
Other helpe for him, I ſee that there is none.

Clare wels spring not, lyere birdes sing not,
Greene plants bringe not forth their dye,
Herds flocks wanderinge, flocks still keepinge,
Nymphes blacke weeperinge, lamentinge:
All our pleasure knowne to be perd away,
All our merrie meetinges on the plaines,
All our cunninge spoort from vs is fled,
All our loue is lost, for loue is dead.
Farewell sweete loue thy like neere was,
For a sweet content the cause of all my wee,
Poore Coridon must liue alone,
Other helpe for him, I see that there is none.

22342a

WHen as thine eye hath chose the Dame,
And stalde the deare that thou shouldst strike,
Let reason rule things worthy blame,
As wel as fancy (partyall might)
Take counsell of some wiser head,
Neither too young. nor yet vnwed,

And when thou comst thy tale to tell,
Smooth not thy toung with filed talke,
Least she some subtil practise smell,
A Cripple soone can finde a halt,
But plainly saye thou lousst her well,
And set her person forth to sale.

And to her wil frame al thy waies,
Spare not to ſpend, and chieſly there,
Where thy deſart may merit praiſe
By ringing in thy Ladies eare,
The ſtrongeſt caſtle, tower and towne,
The golden bullet beats it downe.

Serue alwaies with aſſured truſt,
And in thy ſute be humble true,
Vnleſſe thy Lady proue vniuſt,
Preaſe neuer thou to chuſe auew:
When time ſhal ſerue, be thou uot ſlacke,
To profer though ſhe put thee backe.

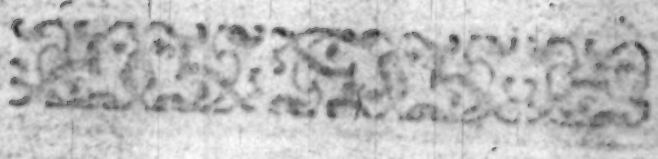
What though her frowning browes be bent,
Her cloudy lookes wil calme yer night,
And then too late ſhe wil repent,
That thus diſſembled her delight.
And twice deſire yer it be day,
That which with ſcorne ſhe put away.

What though ſhe ſtriue to try her ſtrength,
And ban and braule, and ſay thee nay:
Her feeble force wil yeeld at length,
When craft hath taught her thus to ſay:
Had women heen ſo ſtrong as men,
In faith you had uot had it then.

The wiles and guiles that women worke,
Diſſembled with an outward ſhew:
The trickes and toyes that in them lurke,
The Cocke that treades them ſhall not know:
Haue you not heard it ſayd full oft,
A Womans nay doth ſtand for nought.

Thinke Women ſtill to ſtriue with men,
To ſinne and neuer for to ſaint,
There is no heauen (by holy then)
When time with age ſhall them attaint,
Were kiſſes all the ioyes in bed,
One Woman would an other wed.

But ſoft enough, too much I feare,
Leaſt that my miſtreſſe heare my ſong,
She will not ſtick to rounde me on th'are,
To teach my toung to be ſo long:
Yet wil ſhe bluſh, here be it ſayd,
To heare her ſecrets ſo bewraide.



But loe enough, too much I feare,
I euill that my vnkindnesse bearer my Loue.
She will not lick to confounde me on the sare
To reach my yeeuing to be so long:
Yet with the blacke, here beth the,
To heare her fecrets so bewraide.

When as thine eye hath chose the Dame,
And stalde the deare that thou shouldst strike,
Let reason rule things worthy blame,
As well as fancy (partyall might)
Take counsell of some wiser head,
Neither too young, nor yet vnwed.

And when thou comst thy tale to tell,
Smooth not thy toung with filed talke,
Least she some subtill practise smell,
A Cripple soone can finde a halt,
But plainly say thou lousst her well,
And set her person forth to sale.

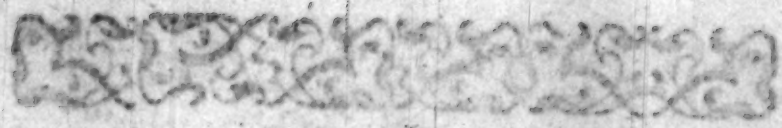
When as thine eye hath chose the Dame,
And shall the date that thou shalt strike,
Let reason rule things worthy blame,
As well as fancy (party will mislike)
Take counsell of some wiser head,
Neither too young, nor yet wnwed.

And when thou comst thy tale to tell,
Smooth not thy tongue with filed talke,
Least the some subtill practise smell,
A Cripple soone can finde a halt,
But plainly say thou loust her well,
And let her person loth to fall.

D

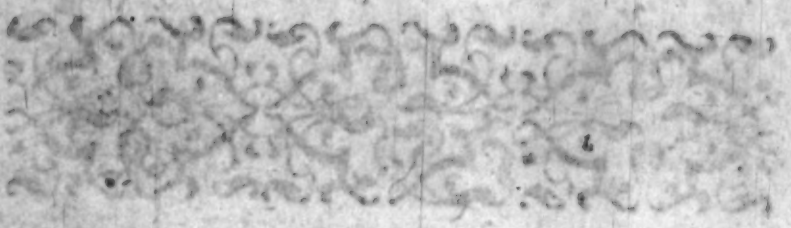
What though her frowning browes be bent
Her cloudy lookes will calme yer night,
And then too late ſhe will repent,
That thus diſſembled her delight.
And twice deſire yer it be day,
That which with ſcorne ſhe put away.

What though ſhe ſtriue to try her ſtrength,
And ban and braule, and ſay the nay:
Her feeble force will yeeld at length,
When craft hath taught her thus to ſay:
Had women beene ſo ſtrong as men
In faith you had not had it then.



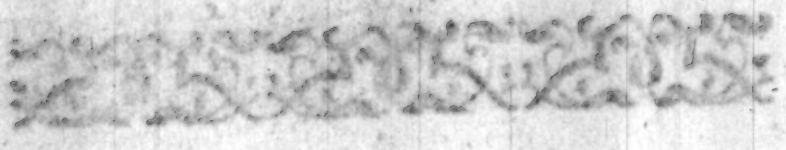
What though her frowning brows be bent
Her cheerly looks will calme ye night,
And than too late the will repent,
That thus is scoldeth her delight.
And twice desire ye first be day,
That which with teare the par away.

What though the time to try her strength,
And hart and brande and fly the nay:
Nay feeble force will yeld at length,
When crafte hath taught her thus to say:
Had women beene so strong as men
In faith you had not had it then.



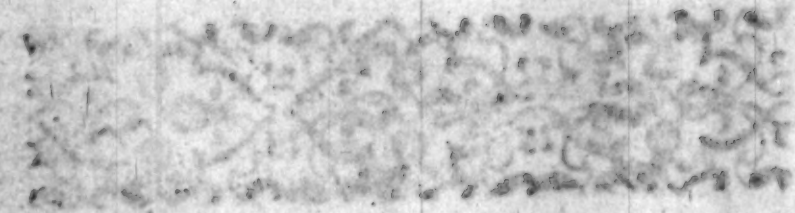
And to her will frame all thy waies,
Spare not to ſpend, and chiefly there,
Where thy deſart may merit praiſe
By ringing in thy Ladies eare,
The ſtrongeſt caſtle, tower and towne,
The golden bullet beats it downe.

Serue alwaies with aſſured truſt,
And in thy ſute be humble true,
Vnleſſe thy Lady proue vniuſt,
Preaſe neuer thou to chuſe a new:
When time ſhall ſerue, be thou not ſlacke,
To proffer though ſhe put thee back.



And mother will frame all thy weeds,
Spare not to spend, and chiefly where
Where thy desire may most prevail
By pleasing in thy ladyship are,
The prodigal waste, power and power,
The golden shower shall down.

Seek advancement with affined mind,
And in thy love be humble prove,
While thy lady proceyment,
Fickleness does to change's move,
Where time shall serve, be bold not fear,
To publish through the put thee bear.



The wiles and guiles that women worke,
Diſſembled with an outward ſhew:
The tricks and toyes that in them lurke,
The Cock that treads thē ſhall not know,
Haue you not heard it ſaid full oft,
A Womans nay doth ſtand for nought.

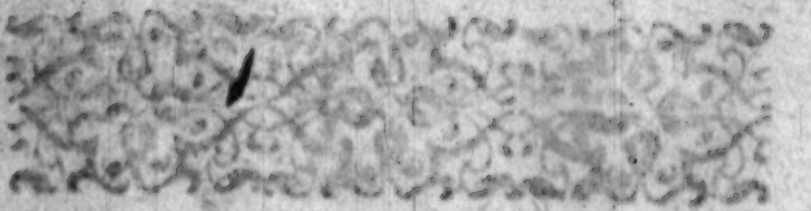
Thinke Women ſtill to ſtriue with men,
To ſinne and neuer for to ſaint,
There is no heauen (by holy then)
When time with age ſhall them attaint,
Were kiſſes all the ioyes in bed,
One Woman would another wed.

But ſoft enough, too much I feare,
Leaſt that my miſtreſſe heare my ſong,
She will not ſtick to round me on th'are,
To teach my toung to be ſo long:
Yet will ſhe bluſh, here be it ſaid,
To heare her ſecrets ſo bewraid.

The wiles and subtles that women work,
Dissembled with an outward show:
The tricks and toyes that in them lurke,
The Cock that treads the shall not know,
Have you not heard a fool full oft,
A Woman may doth stand for nought.

Think Women still to strive with men,
To sinne and never for to stinte,
If there is no man (be truly then)
Women then with age shall them attaint,
Were little all the day in bed,
One Woman would another wed.

But for enough, too much I leave,
Least that my mistrisse heare my tunes,
She will not stick to round me on the eare,
To teach my young to be so loose,
We will fie blush here-at I ind,
To heare her terms so blowt and



LIue with me and be my Loue,
And we will all the pleasures proue
That hilles and vallies, dales and fields,
And all the craggy mountaines yeeld.

There will we sit vpon the Rocks,
And see the Shepheards feed their flocks,
By shallow Riuers, by whose fals
Melodious birds sing Madrigals.

There will I make thee a bed of Roses,
With a thousand fragrant poses,
A cap of flowers, and a Kirtle
Imbrodered all with leaues of Mirtle.

A belt of ſtraw and Yuye buds,
With Corall Claſps and Amber ſtuds,
And if theſe pleaſure s may thee moue,
Then liue with me, and be my Loue.

Loues anſwere.

IF that the World and Loue were young,
And truth in euery ſhepheards toung,
Theſe pretty pleaſures might me moue,
To liue with thee and be thy Loue.

AS it fell vpon a Day,
In the merry Month of May,
Sitting in a pleasant shade,
Which a groue of Myrtles made,
Beastes did leape, and Birds did sing,
Trees did grow, and Plants did spring:
Euery thing did banish mone,
Saue the Nightingale alone.
Shee (poore Bird) as all forlorne,
Leand her breast vp-till a thorne,
And there sung the dolefulst Ditty,
That to heare it was great Pitty,
Fie, fie, fie, now would she cry
Teru, Teru, by and by:

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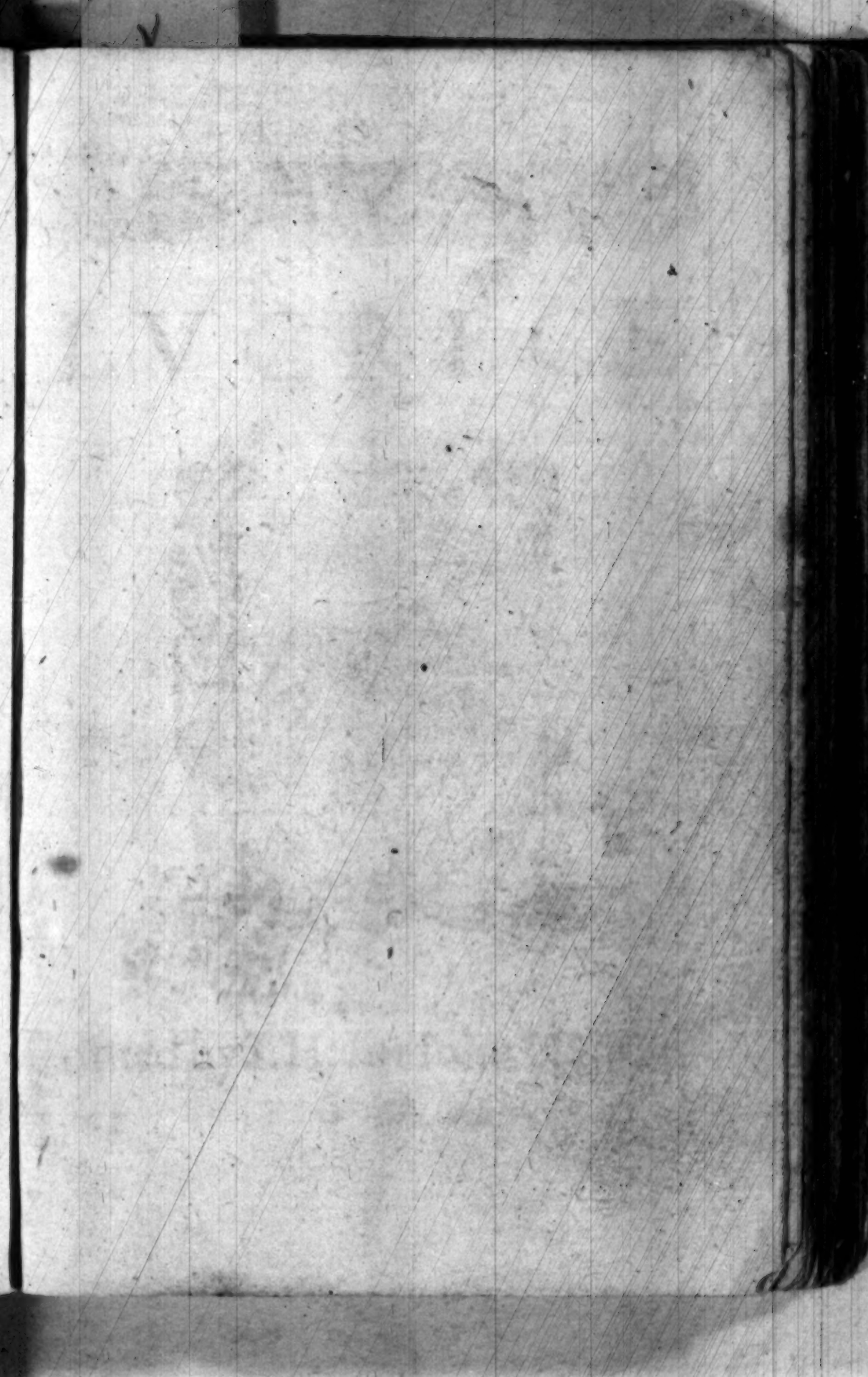
That to heare her so complaine,
Scarce I could from teares refraine:
For her griefes so liuely showne,
Made me thinke vpon mine owne.
Ah (thought I) thou mournst in vaine,
None takes pitty on thy paine:
Sensless Trees, they cannot heare thee,
Ruthlesse Beares, they will not cheere thee.
King Pandion, he is dead:
All thy friends are lapt in Lead.
All thy fellow Birds doe sing,
Carelesse of thy sorrowing.

Whilst as fickle Fortune smilde,
Thou and I, were both beguild.
Euery one that flatters thee,
Is no friend in miserie:
Words are easie, like the wind,
Faithfull friends are hard to find:
Euery man will be thy friend,
Whilst thou hast wherewith to spend:
But if store of Crownes be scant,
No man will supply thy want
If that one be prodigall,
Bountifull they will him call:
And with such-like flattering,
Pitty but he were a King.

If he be addict to vice,
Quickly him, they will intice.
If to Women hee be bent,
They haue at Commaundement.
But if Fortune once doe frowne,
Then farewell his great renowne:
They that fawnd on him before.
Vse his company no more.
Hee that is thy friend indeede,
Hee will helpe thee in thy neede:
If thou sorrow, he will weepe:
If thou wake, hee cannot sleepe:
Thus of euery griefe, in hart
Hee, with thee, doeth beare a part.
These are certaine signes, to know
Faithfull friend, from flatt'ring foe.